



## SYNOPSIS.

Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army, on his way to Fort Harnar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harnar. With a message from the British general, Hamilton, Hayward guides him to the fort. At General Harnar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auway, who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen him before. Hayward volunteers to carry a message to Harnar to Sandusky, where Hamilton is stationed. The northwest Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher, whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward refuses her request and starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier. They come on the trail of a war party and to escape from the Indians take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut. It proves to be Rene D'Auway, a former French officer who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before. Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah. Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward, who resembles the American. They find escape from the island cut off. Reconnoitering around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and a girl for dead after a desperate fight. The Indians capture the cabin after a hard struggle in which Hayward is wounded. Rene saves Hayward from death at the hands of the savages and conceals him in the cellar of the cabin.

## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

I got to my hands and knees, determined to discover for myself the nature of the passage. Any form of action was better than merely to lie there inert. I had to creep forward, and found barely room for the passage of my body. My wound still hurt sufficiently to make me cautious of every movement, and consequently my advance was slow. There never was blacker darkness than the weight pressing me back, and the silence was like that of the grave. I could hear my own breathing, but my hands and knees made no sound on the earth floor. Whatever of savage fury was occurring above, no echo found way to where I burrowed below. To all appearance the tunnel ran in a direct line; at least I could discover no evidence of deviation.

I stopped to rest a moment, sitting cross-legged, my head barely escaping the roof. Suddenly from out that intense darkness before me, came a peculiar sound. Intensified by the long silence, and the contracted walls, I could not tell whether it was cough or groan. Something—man or animal—was certainly there in the tunnel hiding, crouched in the darkness, unaware as yet of my presence. Then it would not be an animal; it must be a man.

I got upon hands and knees again, slowly and with utmost caution, aware that if I was to escape notice I must advance as stealthily as a wild cat, the slightest sound would carry far in that gallery. I moved forward a yard, two, three yards, extending one hand out into the dark and feeling about carefully, before venturing another inch. Mine were the movements of a snail.

I had almost convinced myself there was nothing there, either brute or human; yet some instinct continually told me there was. I felt an uncanny presence, and an ill-defined sense of danger I could not cast off. I came to a pause, actually afraid to go on, my flesh creeping with strange horror. I rested on one knee, my face thrust forward as I stared blindly into the awful blackness. I even held my breath in suspense, listening for the slightest movement. Merciful God! Some one—something—was actually there! I could hear now the faint pulsing of a breath, as though through clogged nostrils; yes, and a meaningless muttering of the lips.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A Struggle Underground.

I remained poised, breathless, huddled in the dark, hesitating. A dozen considerations flashed through my mind, as I swiftly decided what to do. I could scarcely hope to move back-

ward without noise; nor, if I succeeded, would I be any better off with him still blocking the passage? There was nothing for it then but to come to hand grips. But the fellow, whoever he might be—whether white or Indian—was doubtless armed, while I was weaponless. To get him right was a desperate chance, yet a chance which must be taken. Fortunately I had him located, his heavy breathing being unmistakable, and evidence also that the man remained unaware of my presence. I shifted one foot forward to get firmer purchase, and then grasped for him through the darkness. My hand came in contact with a shoulder; then gripped a mass of long hair. He gave vent to a sudden cry, startled, almost inhuman in its wildness, struggling backward so quickly my arm clung closed on air. But I held hard to what I had, dragged off my balance, feeling his fingers after my throat. There was no room for us to do other than to claw at each other. After that first cry neither of us uttered a sound, but I closed in on him, getting a stronger grip. He was a man, a white man, for he wore a rough coat, and his face was covered with a growth of straggly, coarse whiskers. Enemy or friend I could not be sure, nor did I find opportunity to discover. We both fought like beasts, resorting to teeth and nails.

His one object was to wrench himself loose, but my fortunate grip on his hair foiled this effort. Yet both his hands were free, the one clutching my throat; but, in those first breathless seconds, I could not locate the other. He was lying on his side, with right arm underneath. Fearful of a weapon, I let the fellow gouge at my throat with long ape-like fingers, while I struggled fiercely to expose the hidden hand. If it proved empty I knew I could handle the man; that I possessed the strength to draw him to me, to crush him into submission within the vise of my arms. Straining every muscle I could bring into play, I succeeded in forcing him over onto his face. But he was a cat, wiry, full of tricks. In some manner he twisted his arm out of my grip. There was a flash of reddish yellow flame searing across my eyes, an awful roar, like an explosion in my stunned ears. Where the bullet went I will never know, but I saw the man's face leap out at me from the darkness—just an instant of reflection, as though thrown against a screen by some flash of light—the unmistakable face of a negro.

Yet startled as I was by this apparition, his view of me had no less an effect. Even in that single instant of revelation, the hate in his eyes changed to fear, to uncontrollable panic; his lips gave vent to a wild cry, an exclamation in mongrel French, and, before I could stiffen in resistance, or recover from my own shock, the fellow flung his pistol at me, and jerked free. The flying weapon tore a gash in my scalp, but his haste and fear proved his own undoing. Half stunned as I was by the blow, I heard him spring to his feet, the dull crash of his head as he struck the hardwood slab of the low roof, and then the thud of a body on the tunnel floor. In his haste, his desperation, his strange fright, he had forgotten where he was, and attempted to spring erect. My head reeled, the blood from this new cut trickling down my cheek. The negro lay motionless in the darkness; I could not even distinguish his breathing, although I hesitated, listening intently, half fearing some trick.

What had frightened the fellow so? What had brought that look of insane terror into his eyes? It was as if he were at a ghost, the very sight of which had crazed him. I mastered my own nerves, and crept forward along the passage, feeling blindly in advance with one outstretched hand, until it came in contact with the man's figure.

With clinched teeth, I touched the coarse hair with my fingers; then the forehead. The flesh retained some warmth; yet the feeling was not natural—it seemed lifeless. For the instant this appeared impossible. Why, he did it himself; he crashed his own skull against the slab. Yet I could not make the affair seem real, or probable. And a negro! I had seen few of the race, but had always been told they were of thick skull; but if this man was actually dead, his head must have

been smashed like an egg-shell. And it was—I found the gash a moment later, the jagged edge of bone. The fellow was dead, stone dead; there was no heat to his heart, no throbbing pulse. Still dazed by the discovery, I ran my fingers along the roof overhead, hoping to find something there which would account for the mystery. No flat surface could ever have jabbed that wound. Ah! I felt it—the sharp point of a stake protruding between the logs. The poor fellow had struck that with sufficient force to penetrate the brain.

I conquered my abhorrence, and searched him, finding tobacco, a knife—an ugly weapon—flint and steel, a few coins, and some powder and rifle balls. There were no pistol bullets, and the thought occurred to me that the smaller weapon probably did not belong to him; he had appropriated it elsewhere. I crept about, and across the body, searching for it in vain, but I found the rifle, and took time to test its flint, and load it.

I was still engaged at this task, blindly feeling about in the dark for everything needed, and always conscious of that dead body beside me, when I suddenly detected smoke—not the puff of powder which still clung to the passage, but the acrid, pungent odor of burning wood. Even as I began to breathe the fumes they increased in intensity; the narrow tunnel filling rapidly with the smoke



I Fell Forward into Light Air.

waves, and setting me to coughing. I realized at once what had happened. Mademoiselle's word of warning coming back to mind—they were burning the cabin, and through some orifice the smoke was being swept down into this underground passage. If there were no outlet, no way by which it could escape again to the open air, I must die there in that black hole, choked and suffocated. I might lie there forever beside this hideous negro; lie there until our bones rotted, and we also became earth. The horror of the thought brought me to my knees. Already the air was stifling, my lungs laboring heavily for breath as the smoke clouds filled the passage. Only as I bent my nostrils close against the earthen floor could I find life-giving air.

Even in my terror I clung to the negro's rifle desperately. The entrance leading forth into the cave-cellar must be closed, or the smoke cloud would never be so dense and suffocating. To open it might require strength, the blows of the gun stock. If I retained power to burst my way through I must hurry. Already I felt my head reel, dizzily, my open lips gulping for air. I crept forward recklessly in the dark, brushing my body against the sides of the tunnel, actually feeling the thickening smoke swirl about me in dense clouds. I gasped for breath, and drew a bit of cloth about nose and mouth in slight protection. I was panic-stricken, overcome by sudden horror, yet some nature within compelled me to struggle on. Suddenly I came to a body lying lengthwise of the passage, the head to the south. This new discovery was a shock, yet seemed to affect me little.

I crawled over him, as though he was no more than a stone in the path, yet as one hand came down in the dark on the upturned face, I experienced a sudden thrill—the flesh was warm, the man lived. Barely had my numbed mind grasped this helplessly, when my rifle barrel, thrust before me, struck the end of the passage, the faint sound of contact signifying wood. Not three feet extended between the man's head and this barrier which blocked us from the outside air. Desperate, half crazed indeed, not only by my own situation, but also by the memory of those bodies behind in the dark tunnel, I found scant knee-room in the small space, and fumbled madly about for some latch. The surface was of wood, roughly faced, but smooth, save for what might be a handle in the middle, a mere strip, beveled to give finger-hold. I pulled at this in vain; then pushed with my shoulder against the oak, but the wood held firm. Weak as I was, and in so cramped a position, I could bring to bear but small strength. To batter the door down was the only hope left; no matter what noise resulted, or the possibility of capture by the savages, I could not lie there and choke to death in that place of horror. Better any danger than such a fate. I drew back and struck, the power of fear giving strength to my arms. Again and again I drove the iron-bound rifle stock against the hard oak. I left the center and attacked the sides, feeling the wood give slightly. Encouraged by this I redoubled my efforts, concentrating my blows on one spot, until certain the tightly jammed door was be-

ing driven from the groove. It was hot and stifling; the perspiration streamed from me; the smoke was suffocating, deadly. I gasped and choked, my head swam with dizziness. I felt my strength ebbing away; despair clutched me. Yet I struck—no longer with clear intent, but automatically, driving the heavy gun butt against the slowly yielding wood, with every pound of strength I had left. It seemed as if I had struck my last blow—I believe now I had; I believe my body fell with it—I cannot remember clearly—only I know the wood gave way, and I fell forward into light and air, my face without, my body still in the tunnel.

Merciful mother! How I gulped in those first refreshing breaths; how the clogged lungs rejoiced. I glanced back into the tunnel, suddenly remembering the man who still lived. If he were out, the door might be forced back into place again, that volume of smoke suppressed.

I fastened the cloth across my face and crept back into the tunnel until I was able to grip the fellow's arms. He was a large man, clothed as a white; I even thought I felt braid on his sleeves; and, as I drew him toward me by a mighty effort, the light streaming in revealed a red jacket.

## CHAPTER XV.

## I Meet My Double.

The probability that the man was a British officer, whose life depended on my exertions, nerved me anew. No matter who he might prove to be, whether friend or foe, he was of my race and blood, and evidently the victim of treacherous attack. First of all I must get him out of that stifling hole into pure air, and discover the nature of his injuries. It was no easy task dragging the heavy body through the narrow entrance, and across the dislodged door. It had to be accomplished by sheer strength of arm, for I worked on my knees, choked by the foul atmosphere, almost blinded by the smoke, and unable to find purchase. Yet foot by foot I went, until, exhausted by the effort, I hauled the limp form free of the barrier, and against the side wall of the cellar.

I leaned against the wall as the waves of smoke thinned, and drifted out through the open door. At last there was but a thin vapor showing against the blue expanse of sky. It occurred to me the blue was shading into gray, as if approaching twilight. I retained no sense of time; so much had occurred I felt I had been confined for hours in that tunnel; when I first emerged and perceived light I could scarcely realize that it was yet day; that all had occurred—the fight in the cabin, my rescue, the horrors of the tunnel—within so short a space. There suddenly swept over me the fresh memory of it all; I saw the faces, heard the voices. And they were dead; those men I had companioned with; they had gone the long journey, some quickly, mercifully, and Brady in the agony of torture. How it nauseated me! The swift reaction leaving me sobbing like a child, my hands pressed over my eyes. All at once I experienced the full horror, and broke down as weak as a babe. I remember now how my knees shook, so that I sank down to the earth floor; and how I prayed, my voice a mere senseless murmur, yet, no doubt, clear enough to God's ears.

I felt tempted to get outside, and discover where the raiders had gone; their trail might reveal much, if it could only be found before night came. I had straightened up, determined to try the venture when a movement below, and the muffled sound of a voice speaking English, reminded me of the soldier. Descending from out the sunlight I could perceive little in the dark cave-cellar. The red jacket was, however, sufficiently conspicuous to convince me that the man was sitting up, his back against the wall.

"I don't know who you are, friend," he called out heartily, "only you look to be white. By any luck do you speak English?"

"Not much of anything else," I answered, endeavoring to discover his features. "I'm of the blood."

"Ay! With a colonial twang to it, unless my ears lie. Is that the story? So! Then what in God's name are you doing here?"

I could not take the measure of the fellow, his face remaining indistinct in the shadows, but there was a reckless ring of good-fellowship in his voice which inspired me to frankness. "I came this way with a message for the Wyandots. I belong to the garrison of Fort Harnar."

"An officer?"

"Yes."

"Holy smoke, man, but you certainly stumbled into a hornet's nest. Didn't you know all the northwest tribes have declared war? That it has actually begun?"

"No; it was in the hope of preventing such a catastrophe that I went. Word was brought us that the Wyandots would not join the confederation."

"Who brought such word?"

"Simon Girty. He bore a letter from Hamilton, and sought information regarding the disappearance of a Wyandot chief."

"Wa-pa-tee-tah?"

"That was the name."

The man laughed, but the sound was not altogether pleasant.

"There is a touch of humor to your tale, my friend," he said slowly. "Although I doubt if you will be able to perceive it. Girty and Hamilton may have had reasons of their own for a bit of blarney; and they failed to consult me. But as for this Wa-pa-tee-tah, that chance to be my business, although just now, and in the presence of the enemy, we will let the discussion go. Diplomacy never reveals its cards, and I have become more diplomat than soldier. What am I then—a prisoner?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## WITH THE FLAG THEY LOVE



Photograph by Frank Fournier, Staff Photographer.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY

The "Glorious Fourth" Considered in Lighter Vein.

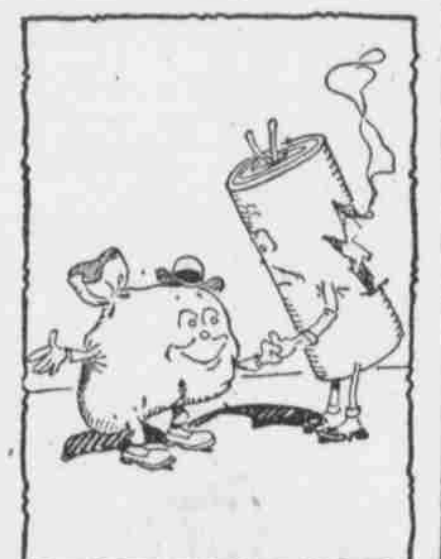
Looking into the Future of Willie and Johnny—Some Thoughts of the Celebration—Safe and Sane Father.

## GRIEF.

"Why are you weeping, my poor boy?"

"Boo-hoo! My p-p-paw said I mu-mu-mustn't spend more'n half of m-m-m money for firecrackers, bu-bu-bu-because we might need the rest for the doc-doo-doo."

## ALL USED UP



The Torpedo—I feel bang-up! How about you?

The Cracker—Oh, I'd feel better if I wasn't busted.

## TOO BAD.

"I'm sorry that it is no longer fashionable to have fireworks on the Fourth of July."

"Why should you care?"

"My wife's old maid sister, who has been living with us for the last 15 years, has just become engaged to a willing widower, and I'd like to celebrate without letting the neighbors know just why."

## UNNECESSARY.

"Do you always take off your hat when the flag goes by?"

"Naw! I'm not runnin' for an office."

**EAGLE AS NATIONAL SYMBOL.**

King of Birds Properly the Proud Emblem of the Greatest Country of the Earth.

On the fourth day of July the scream of the American Eagle can be heard from coast to coast, from lakes to gulf, over hills, valleys, plains and mountains, and "we, the people of the United States," pay homage in one way or another to the brave men of 1776, who dared defy King George and the British lion.

The eagle had not yet been adopted

**Women Formed Home Guard.**

Deeds of derring-do were done during the Revolution by women who never once saw the front of battle lower, as well as by those who went into action. Thus, for instance, when the little town of Groton, Mass., was stripped of nearly all its man folk by the departure of Colonel Prescott's regiment for Boston, the women of the place organized a "home guard." Dressed in the clothes of their male relatives, they drilled on the green under the command of "Capt. Mrs.

## AFTER THE BATTLE



"The search among the slain."

## WHERE, OH, WHERE?

Willie has his pistol ready, Willie's heart is full of glie.

He has bought a little cannon and his breast from care is free;

Willie counts the passing moments as they slowly drag away—

Where, oh, where, will little Willie be in two weeks from today?

Johnny's little bank is empty, he has squandered every cent.

With a giant cracker Johnny will begin the merriment;

He possesses all the fingers and the toes he should—but, stay!

Where, oh, where, will Johnny's digits be in two weeks from today?

## HIS SAFE AND SANE FATHER.

"Father, didn't you ever shoot off firecrackers when you were a boy?"

"No. I couldn't afford to burn up money in that way."

"And didn't you ever have a toy cannon?"

"Never. I did my celebrating in a safe and sane way."

"Well, I used to get a piece of gas pipe, plug one end of it, fill it with powder and then touch a match to it. Talk about noise, it beat any toy cannon I've ever heard."

## HIS FATHER A STANDPATTER.

"Well, my little man, I see you are carrying a flag. Do you know why we are celebrating today?"

"Yes. 'Cause Huerta didn't bust the country."

## INDEPENDENCE.

This is the day on which the average man shows his independence by doing foolish things without having gained his wife's permission.

## ROCKETS AND CRACKERS.

A wet Fourth makes a lean graveyard.

The fool and his digits are soon parted.

The sticks fall alike on the just and the unjust.

A thumb on the hand is worth two in the alcohol.

It is better not to take a dare than to get your hand scorched.

The boy who doesn't get too gay may celebrate another day.

It isn't always the firecracker with the longest fuse that makes the most noise.

Remember that the giant firecracker is always just getting ready to go off when you bend over it to see what is the matter.

Let us then be up and shooting, with a heart for any fate, lighting fuses and then scooting—learn to stand aside and wait.

## SAFETY AND SANITY MADE EASY

Little Willie's sick a-bed,

Mumps have put him to the bad;

Do we view his case with dread?

No, in fact, we're rather glad.

Doctor warns him not to stir;

In his bed he must remain;

This will make it easier for

For us to be safe and sane.

## PUZZLE PICTURE



Find the boy who had two whole dollars to spend on fireworks.

## NOT WORRYING.

"My goodness! I shouldn't think you would permit your little boy to have such big firecrackers. Aren't you all afraid?"

"Oh, no, not a bit. I'm only his mother."

S. E. KISER



## QUEER ANTICS OF LIGHTNING

Not Always of a Tragic Nature, Some Even Humorous to All but the Victims.

The antics played by lightning are sometimes almost beyond belief. A common trick is that of undressing its victims. In 1898 two girls and an elderly woman were standing by a reaping machine during a storm. A lightning flash struck the woman and killed her on the spot, while the two girls were stripped to the skin, even their boots being torn from their feet. Otherwise they were safe and sound—and astonished.

In 1855 a man was struck by lightning near Vallerols, in France, and stripped naked. All that could be found afterwards of his clothes was a shirt-sleeve, a few other shreds, and some pieces of his bob-nail boots. Ten minutes after he regained consciousness, opened his eyes, complained of the cold, and inquired how he happened to be naked.

Such instances have been recorded again and again. In one case a man and two oxen were struck simultaneously and all three killed. The man was found stripped to the skin, and his boots had been carried 30 yards away. "In other cases," says Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, "lightning has been known to split men in half, almost as with a huge ax. On June 20, 1868, this happened to a miller's assistant at a windmill near Croix. The lightning struck him and split him from his head downwards in two."

All Equal in One Respect.

When Matthew Arnold was a school examiner a fellow-inspector of a class of girl pupils-teachers asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave each of the young women the "excellent" mark. "But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be; some must be better than others." "Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold; "but then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."